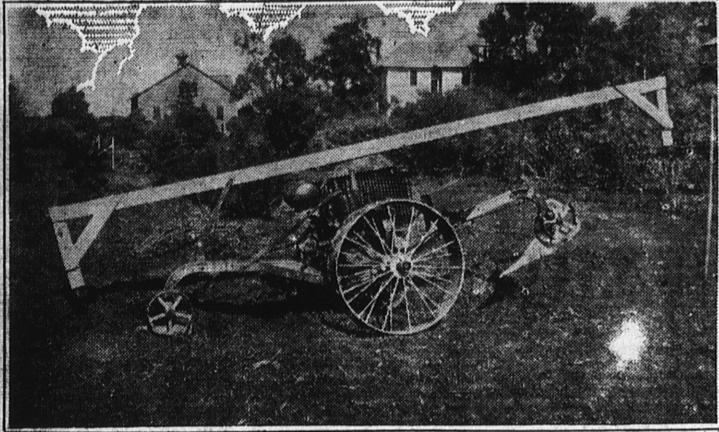


Tractor Plows Fields Without Direction



The automatic plow in action

By Central Press

AMES, Ia.—A machine which, if placed in general use, is expected to infinitely reduce the farmer's labor has been found to be a success in tests by the agricultural engineering department of Iowa State College here.

It is an automatic plow. All the farmer has to do is to wind it up, so to speak, supply it with gasoline, and start it out upon the expanse of the field to be plowed. It will work all day, or all night, or as long as the gasoline holds out.

The manless plow is the invention of Prof. J. B. Davidson, head of the agricultural engineering department of the state college. It was constructed by Darrell B. Lucas and Edward D. Gordon, students of the institution, under the

NOTICE CALLING FOR BIDS FOR FIREMEN'S UNIFORMS

The Board of Trustees of the City of Torrance hereby invite sealed proposals for furnishing seventeen firemen's uniforms to the active members of the Torrance Volunteer Fire Department. Said bids will be opened at the hour of 7 p.m. in the Council Chambers of the Board of Trustees of the City of Torrance, October 6, 1924.

The following are the specifications for said suits, a sample of which material is now on file with the City Clerk: Material known as No. 1384, twenty-ounce Charlottesville Cloth, manufactured by the Charlottesville Mills, or its equivalent.

16 coats; design, single breasted

A. L. Salter & Co.

1309 Post Ave. Phone 68
Electric Fixtures and Wiring
De Luxe Wall Beds, Peerless Built-In Furniture

Reverses Automatically

The machine is a two-wheel tractor, powered by a 4-horsepower single-cylinder engine, with right- and left-hand plow bottoms attached to the frame with beams opposite and nearly at right angles to the tractor axle, and so placed that while one plow is in service the other is carried above the surface of the soil.

The machine is steered by hand for the initial furrow. Then the plow guides itself automatically, traveling back and forth across the field in shuttle style.

A reversing arm or antenna hangs over the tractor and extends out some distance beyond the machine in each direction, which upon coming in contact with the boundary fence, reverses the direction of the drivers. The reaction immediately lifts the plow in service out of the soil and automatically swings the opposite plow into the ground. This action takes

semi-form fitting, with McClellan collar with hook and eye at button of collar, seven button front with no outside pockets, two inside breast pockets, to be reinforced with same material. Best grade black wool serge lining and hand felted collar. Buttons to be nickel plated "F. D."

Trousers, for all uniforms, straight cut, plain bottom, medium peg with five pockets—two side, two hip, one watch—all pockets to be reinforced. Best grade canvas to be used for pockets. Good grade white seat lining.

A written guarantee as to material and workmanship must accompany all bids.

By order of the Board of Trustees.
(Seal) A. H. BARTLETT,
City Clerk of the City of Torrance.

Karl Watts Gilbert has opened his piano studio for enrollment, 2955 George street, Lomita. Phone 323-J.—Adv.

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BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Billy Whiskers to himself, as he stood gazing at the picture of a big white billy-goat on a poster before a moving picture show. "That goat looks enough like me to be me. But I would not care to be in his place with a bulldog as ferocious-looking as that one about to fly at my throat. Wish I could read, as then I could tell what the picture is all about. But whatever it is about, it must be going on now inside this theatre, by the way the people are crowding into it. Guess I'll follow them and find out."

Butts Officer

Right at this moment the crowd had thinned and there was no one before the door but the man who took the tickets and a policeman. Billy walked boldly up to the door and was half through it before the man noticed him. The ticket man threw up his hands in horror, while the policeman gave Billy a whack on his back with his policeman's club. In a second Billy had wheeled around and was running out into the street.

"There! Take that for hitting a poor, unoffending goat!" thought Billy, and he quietly turned and walked into the theatre. The ticket man allowed him to pass without trying to stop him after seeing him butt the policeman.

Once inside the theatre, Billy found himself in what seemed to him to be a pitch dark room, but soon his eyes became accustomed to the darkness and he saw a crowd of people sitting in the great room.

But what attracted his attention most was a terrible fight in progress up on a stage, where it was light enough for him to see all that went on.

"Bless my soul, but that is a brave fight that good-looking goat is putting up against that brute of a dog! Yes, and he is too plucky to give in, though all the odds are against him! He has only his horns to protect him against that strong brute of a dog with a jaw filled with sharp, white teeth which, once snapped shut on him, would never open, unless pried apart, until his victim was dead. Well, we'll see! I shall not stand here and watch such a degrading performance, if these people do! I pride myself that I know a little about fighting, too. I will jump up on that stage and give that dog a butt or two from the rear that will surprise him some, I am thinking."

He Butts Picture

With these thoughts in his mind Billy ran down the middle aisle, jumped on one of the vacant front seats, and with a bound cleared the heads of the playing musicians and butted and hooked the picture dog, which he thought was a real dog, he was so wrought up with excitement.

He Is Puzzled

"Bang! went Billy's head against the canvas, and Rip! went his horns through it, leaving the corners trailing and with two large holes in it where his horns had pierced it clear through. For a moment his horns stuck and he could not pull his head out, but only for a moment. Then he gave his head a twist and out they came. But he thought someone was holding a sheet up so he could

not get at the dog. He drew back and with a mighty spring forward he jumped clear through the canvas, leaving a great hole behind him.

Of course by this time there was great excitement in the audience. People laughed and children cried with fright, while Billy faced the most surprised group you ever saw, for he had landed in the midst of four or five men who were behind the scenes quietly eating their lunches while the picture was being run off.

Gets Some Food

Of course it was rather astounding to have a billy-goat land in their midst right through the screen. And he looked so much like the billy in the picture that for a second they felt the picture goat had come to life and was running away from the bulldog.

After Billy landed he stood still for a moment or two to get his bearings. Then, coming to and seeing a nice red apple, a sandwich or two and several doughnuts that the men had dropped in their excitement, he proceeded to eat them up one after the other as fast as he could.

"Here, you big, good-for-nothing creature!" called one of the men. "You stop eating my lunch!" "And mine, too," cried another, while a third grabbed him by the horns and tried to drag him away from the pile of doughnuts he had just begun to eat. But to no purpose. Billy simply spread his legs apart and went on eating those doughnuts. This made the men angry, and they all pitched on Billy, pulling and twisting his stubby little tail. At last they dragged him from the room and pushed him out into a little back yard, where they left him to himself.

Meets a Pony

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Billy. "I played a pretty good joke on those men, and I got a good luncheon besides. Whoever made those doughnuts knows how to cook, I can tell you! I never ate better, and I have eaten lots of them before."

"Oh, you have, have you?" whined a tiny Shetland pony Billy had not noticed before, from the other side of the yard.

"Yes, I have. But how did you come here?" said Billy Whiskers. "If he were most of the time, I should think that is a question I should ask you, not you me."

"You are quite right. And as I have taken an instantaneous liking to you, I will answer. Otherwise I would tell you to mind your own business. But before I recount how I came here, I wish you would tell me how old you are, for in size you are the smallest animal that resembles a horse I ever saw, and yet your voice sounds too old to belong to a baby horse. Besides, you are too well proportioned to be a colt, for they are all legs."

"I will gladly tell you. I am advertised on the circus bills as being the smallest perfectly shaped horse or Shetland pony in the world today. I measure less in height than that year-old colt or a St. Bernard dog. And if you will believe me, I am twenty-five years old. That is considered an old age for a horse, as their years of use-

fulness range only from ten to fifteen."

Knows Tricks

"Well you are a wonder! And I can easily understand how you would be in great demand by the circus people. Do you know any tricks?"

"I should think I do! I have been taught tricks ever since I was knee high to a grasshopper. I have been on exhibit from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean and from the Gulf of Mexico to the borders of the Arctic circle."

"I can see that we will become great friends, for we have lots in common to talk over," said Billy. "I have traveled some myself and been on exhibit in circuses many, many times. But I always grow tired of traveling around with them and run away."

"I have tried running away, too," said the little pony, "but I am always caught and brought back. My legs are so short to run fast, and besides, I am not a good fighter. All I can do is to bite and kick, while you can butt and fight with your horns."

"How comes it that you are shut in this stuffy little back yard?" asked Billy.

Tells of Movie

"I will tell you. I belong to a troupe of trained animals that at the present time are performing over at the big Emmanenn Moving Picture Studios, a couple of blocks from here. The animals are performing and a moving picture is being taken of them just the same as if they were people. There is a film or two of our performances being shown now at this place. A big goat that looks enough like you to be your brother and a fierce bulldog are being thrown on the screen right now. If you had looked you would have seen them as you came through."

"So ho! That's the way it is! Yes, I did see them as I passed through, and I did not only see them on the screen but I literally did pass through them!"

"What do you mean by saying you literally did pass through them?"

"Next time Billy explains what he did in the picture show."

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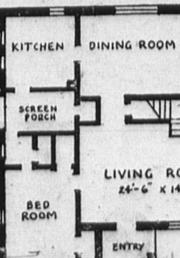
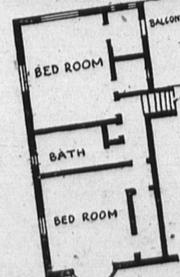


Brick-for beauty

THERE is something about brick that is irresistible. The brick house is distinguished in any community—in a row of bungalows or in a community of estates. Notice them as you pass—it's the brick homes that charm the eye and make you want to peek inside.

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